

Songs and Yells of Rensselaer



1922



Published for complimentary distribution to
Rensselaer Men by

W. & L. E. GURLEY

Engineering Instrument Makers

TROY, N. Y., U. S. A.

Songs of Rensselaer

1 ALMA MATER (Here's to Old R. P. I.)

Here's to old R. P. I. Her fame may
never die,
Here's to old Rensselaer, She stands to-day
without a peer,
Here's to those olden days, Here's to those
golden days.
Here's to the friends, We made at dear
old R. P. I.

2

A Son of Old R. P. I.

Air:—"A Son of a Gambolier."

Upon a hillside in a town,
There stands a college old—
A college famed in history,
From hosts of stories told,
To teach the young idea to shoot,
It's worth its weight in gold,
It gathers from lands far and near
Its children to the fold.

Chorus—

Come and join my humble ditty:
From Troy town I steer
Like every honest fellow,
I drink my lager beer.
Like every honest fellow,
I never will go dry.
I'm a student from the Institute,
A son of old R. P. I.
A son, a son, a son, a son,
A son of old R. P. I.
Like every honest fellow,
I drink my whiskey clear,
I'm a moral wreck from the Polytech
And a hell of an engineer.
We students of the R. P. I.
Are of a jolly kind,
And though we study hard at times
To cultivate the mind,
You'll always find us in for fun.
We're never left behind;
A happier crowd of fellows o'er
This earth you'll never find.

SONGS OF RENSSELAER



The maidens sweet all smile on us,
As boys we pass them by,
The "cops" along the street all nod
And wink the other eye,
The people turn to look at us
And say: Oh me! Oh my!
There go those wicked college boys
From that bad R. P. I.
The faculty of R. P. I.
Are, yea, a noble band;
For brains and intellectual worth
They're noted through the land.
The students honor all of them—
We trust them heart and hand—
They credit dear old Rensselaer,
Our Alma Mater Grand.

3

Stephen Van Rensselaer

Words and Music by E. M. Frost, '11

In eighteen hundred and twenty-four, lived a
man of great repute;
This good man founded the Rensselaer
Polytechnic Institute,
His aim was to furnish his country with men
Who could build better bridges than those
They used then,
Now a thousand or two such men pass in review,
And we'll give all the honor due
To Stephen Van Rensselaer,
A noble man with a grand career:
An A. B. from Harvard and an L. L. D. from Yale.
He saw the need of such an institution
So he straightway proceeded to establish
a good one,
And its world-wide fame will perpetuate the name
Of Old Stephen Van Rensselaer.

4

Poor Freshie

(The Freshman's "Alma Mater")

Ah! Me! My poor Freshie,
Ah! Me! My poor Freshie,
What will thy mother say to thee,
When thou goest home with N. S. E.
Thy mother she will say to thee,
Thy mother she will say to thee,
My darling boy, I greatly fear,
That you've been drinking Lager Beer—"Amen."

SONGS OF RENSSELAER



5

Ca You Spell Rensselaer

E. M. Frost, '11

Can you spell Rensselaer?

R-E-N-S-S,

If not, you're no Engineer

E-L-A-E-R;

Come on, boys, now boys,

Come gather round, boys We'll sing a

Rensselaer song;

Then we'll give a yell,

In which we tell to everyone who's
near

That R-E-N-S-S-E-L-A-E-R spells
Rensselaer.

6

Loyal to Rensselaer (Old Williams)

Words and Melody by L. W. C. '06

Arranged by B. L. M.

Old Williams has her loyal sons,

And Colgate men are true,

Some prefer the Crimson,

While others choose the Blue,

But there is a fairer College,

Whose colors float on high,

Where the Cherry and the White proclaim

Our dear old R. P. I.

Chorus—

Once again to Thee our Alma Mater,

Raise we our songs of praise,

Loyal 'neath thy banner,

Shouts of triumph raise for ever,

Pressing forward to the conflict,

Thy sons can know no fear.

For they fight for the fame of the Cherry

and the White,

And the glory of Rensselaer.

7

Rensselaer Forever

We're loyal sons of R. P. I., of good old Rensselaer

On Troy's most lofty hill-side our campus doth
appear;

There's Carnegie and Pittsburg and Russell Sage
and all

Loom up in mighty grandeur, and we obey their
call.

CHORUS.

Rensselaer forever.

Her ties we'll never sever;

So let us cheer together

For good old Rensselaer.

SONGS OF RENSSELAER



Through many, many decades, our famous
Rensselaer
Has led all Schools of Science, and now we have
no fear
To sing aloud her praises and herald wide her fame,
For oh, there's glory in her, there's power in her
name.
And now, our Alma Mater, to thee we'll e'er be true,
And when we've left thy portals, our youth we
shall renew,
By joining the Alumni, we meet both far and near,
In cheering, loudly cheering, for good old
Rensselaer.

8

Old Rensselaer

Adapted to the music of the old Welsh Air,
"Ar Hyd Y Nos."
Words by C. H. Jarrett Dedicated to the Class of '89

Thou has sent us forth to labor,
Old Rensselaer.
We have wrought to win thy favor
Year after year.

Steel to weld and stone to shiver,
Sink the mine and span the river,
For thine honor toiling ever,
Old Rensselaer.

When thy sons are met together
From far and near,
Scarred with service, worn with weather,
Old Rensselaer,

Proud they lay their deeds before thee,
Done to show the love they bore thee,
Stronger grown as years pass o'er thee,
Old Rensselaer.

When they write our nation's story,
Splendid and clear,
Surely great shall be thy glory,
Old Rensselaer.

In their works thy sons enshrined thee,
Mighty works to leave behind thee,
Mother land, let these remind thee
Of Old Rensselaer.

9

Rah! Rah! for Rensselaer

Rah! Rah! for Rensselaer, Rah! Rah! for Rensselaer
For we've a team that's loyal and true;
Then cheer for Rensselaer: then cheer for
Rensselaer.

For she surely will win for you,
Come give a cheer, boys, come give a cheer,
boys,

SONGS OF RENSSELAER



And raise your voice so all can hear
Let each man stand up and yell
So that every one can tell
That we cheer for old Rensselaer.

10

Bingo

Here's to Rensselaer, drink it down, drink it down
Here's to Rensselaer, drink it down, drink it down
Here's to Rensselaer, may she never have a peer,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down,
down, down,

Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Balm of Gilead, Gilead
Balm of Gilead, Way down on the Bingo farm
We won't go there any more, We won't go there
any more

We won't go there any more, Way down on the
Bingo farm

B - I - N - G - O go Bingo

B - I - N - G - O go Bingo

B - I - N - G - O go Way down on
the Bingo farm.

(Repeat first four lines.)

11

Fight, Fight for Rensselaer

Fight, fight for Rensselaer,
The sons of Rensselaer are out for glory,
On to the fray,
We'll tell to Union the same old story,
The cry is "on, on they come,"
We'll raise the Cherry and White triumphant,
Smash! Bang! We'll rip old Union,
Whoop it up for Rensselaer.

12

Give Us a Drink, Bartender

Give us a drink bartender,
We love you fond and true,
Give us a drink bartender,
We'd do the same for you.
We want no wine of a foreign kind,
Nor beer of dusky brew,
But give us a slicker of your old red liquor
For we're Rensselaer thru and thru,
For we're Rensselaer thru and thru.

13

Football Song

The Cherry and the White is out to win
Rise up ye men and cheer
We'll back the team through all the din, the team
of Rensselaer
We'll show those men that we can fight

SONGS OF RENSSELAER



We engineers

How we can fight and rush them down the field
so let us sing this song

CHORUS:

Fight your way right down the field through
Stevens line

Show them you will never yield, fight boys all
the time

We will back you up with cheers that will rend
the air

Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight, do your best, its for
Rensselaer.

14

"The Fighting Engineers"

Fight, fight, fight for R. P. I,

We're out to win this game to-day

There is no line that can hold our warriors bold

So smash thru and break away

Every loyal son's behind you

With heart, and hand, and cheers;

So give your best and then the rest

For you're the "Fighting Engineers"

We're here to fight for you

We're here with might, for you,

So under Cherry and White,

Our cry is fight, fight, fight,

For the glory of Rensselaer.

15

Rensselaer

When the evening shades are falling,

O'er the mountains clear and gray,

And the breezes slightly rustling,

Sound so very far away.

When you dare not break the silence,

And the air is sweet and clear,

Then there comes in hallowed memories,

Thoughts of dear old Rensselaer.

When the moon in golden splendor,

Liquid light pours out and down,

And our daily count we render,

To ourselves and jot it down,

When the stars shine out before us,

Silent, pale, and still and clear,

Then there mingles with our thoughts again

Thoughts of dear old Rensselaer,

When the skies their floods are pouring,

And the night is black and drear,

And the angry winds are roaring,

'Till the stars shrink back in fear,

Yet we know our faith is holding

Holding back the floods and fear,

And we send our thanks back homeward,

Back to dear old Rensselaer.

YELLS OF RENSSELAER



Yells of Rensselaer

1 Long Yell

Ray! Ray! Ray!
R-E-N-S-S-E-L-A-E-R
Rensselaer Rensselaer Rensselaer.

2 Short Yell

Rah! Rah! Ray! (Three times)
Rensselaer Rensselaer Rensselaer

3 Locomotive

Rah! Rah! Rah! R.-P.-I. (Three times)
Rensselaer Rensselaer Rensselaer

4 Siren

R - a - a - a - a - a - a - a - y!
Rensselaer!

5 Sky Rocket

R - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r (clapping)
S - s - s - s - s - s - s - s - s (whistle)
Boom! Rah! Rensselaer.
(three times)

6 Hi Ray

Hi Ray! — Hi Ray! — Hi Ray!
Rensselaer! Rensselaer! Rensselaer!

7 Bullet

Sis ————— Boom! (Whistle)
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rensselaer



Upon request, additional copies of this booklet
will be furnished gladly, with our compliments.

W. & L. E. GURLEY,
Troj, N. Y.